

# THE BEACON

## FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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### Four Faces on a Peachstone

By Eva R. Baird

"BY the Carver of Ox-Hip Mountain, it shall not be!" Great-Grandfather Liu's usually mild voice thundered as it had a way of doing on the rare occasions when he referred to the famous Liu ancestor of long ago who had been a carver of fruit stones on Ox-Hip Mountain.

Great-Grandfather Liu was really a gentle soul, unless he was aroused. Nor was he unduly the patriarchal figure that his name implied. He was short of stature, and not of amazingly great age. Having been a father at twenty, and his son and grandson having arrived at that dignity before they reached that age, he found himself at sixty-five the great-grandfather of a boy of seven, who answered to the significant name of Elder. Younger might have seemed a more appropriate name for him, but he was the Elder of his own family, there being three little sisters to look up to him respectfully.

It was Elder who had aroused Great-Grandfather's wrath by objecting to the teachings of his tutor. He aspired to know arithmetic, and to study the new Picture Readers which were on sale at the book stalls, and Grandfather assured him that the Ancient Classics were good enough for anybody's education. He had learned the Three Character Classics by heart before he was five, and could reel off the Book of a Hundred Names faster than anyone could understand him. Those baby books had been fun. But now, when his tutor was ready to start him on The Sacred Edict, which Great-Grandfather agreed was the next step in his classical education, Elder had insisted that he wanted a Picture Reader and an Arithmetic instead, and said that he was going to be educated with the New Learning. The Old Way was just to learn, word for word, all the Wisdom of the Ancients, to be able to recite whole

books full, whether you knew what they meant or not. The New Way was to figure and count, and to learn all about the world and everything in it. No wonder Elder wanted the New. But he had done an extraordinary thing for a Chinese boy, to speak up and tell his Great-Grandfather so, and that was what caused the storm in which Great-Grandfather called on their Ancient Ancestor to witness his determination that another generation should be educated in the Old Way.

Grandfather Liu, who was a dignified old man of forty-six, agreed with Great-Grandfather from sheer force of habit. In Grandfather's day, children did not

question their elders' decisions, but were glad if the lot to be educated fell to them, and of course there had been no education then except to learn the Ancient Classics. Elder's own father, at twenty-seven, had graduated from a Mission College, and secretly sympathized with Elder. But the Young College Graduates of China who are wise do not antagonize age unnecessarily. Since Elder was only seven the question of his education had not seemed urgent. That is, it had not seemed so until this afternoon, when the boy's desire for Arithmetic and a Picture Reader had flamed into open rebellion.

Of course Elder had been impertinent. "What have I to do with the Carver of Ox-Hip Mountain?" he demanded. "His peachstone beads are nothing to me. Let my sisters have them for ornaments. I have no interest in them, unless the string might serve me for counters, whereby I might learn to figure."

"Go to your desk in the school-room," said Great-Grandfather, in a white rage. "Shall any offspring of mine scoff at the illustrious ancestor of the House of Liu?"

And Elder went. He was not frightened, but he knew that his Great-Grandfather would not be denied. The old man came after him, and from a chest in the corner of the room, he drew out a long string of carved peachstones. In spite of his declared indifference to them, Elder looked at them curiously. They were the exquisite workmanship of a by-gone day, figures and scenery carved so minutely as to be scarcely traceable. Elder took them in his hand, and began counting the beads.

"No counting," said Great-Grandfather sternly. "This is no Arithmetic Class. I will give you your lesson for today. Each bead has four faces carved upon it. You are to find each face. I trust your honor to pass by no bead until you have found its four faces. And with each bead repeat the names of the Four Books which are to be the foundation of your education,



"No counting," said Great-Grandfather, sternly.  
"This is no Arithmetic Class."



— The Confucian Analects, The Great Learning, The Doctrine of The Mean, and the Works of Mencius."

The old man's voice had dropped to its usual quiet tone, and by the time he had made his assignment, his anger seemed gone. He was tired of the quarrel, and so was Elder.

Left alone at his little desk, Elder began looking at the beads. He had often heard of their four faces. Now he searched for them. They were there, not only four faces, but four figures, elfin folk, carved with infinite delicacy. It was fun to hunt for them. Some were elusive and he would think he had found a bead with only two or three faces, but the others would always appear if he hunted long enough. His eyes grew tired of the tense looking.

He was almost nodding at his task, when his father came in, smiling sympathetically. From his pocket he produced a small magnifying glass, which made the faces stand out clearly and enabled them to be found quickly.

"They are clever, aren't they, Father?" said Elder. "But they don't matter to us, do they? Do you think they do? Are there any four things as important as Great-Grandfather thinks the Four Books of the Chinese Classics are?" Father considered, oh so differently from the way that Grandfather or Great-Grandfather would consider. Father was a Modern. Finally he spoke seriously.

"My son," he said, "I mean that you shall have the New Learning. But we need not quarrel with our elders about it. Can you just trust your father for a while longer?" Elder looked wonderingly into his father's kind face. How foolish he had been to get Great-Grandfather so excited when of course Father would see him through? Hadn't Father got the New Learning for himself? But Father wasn't quite through speaking.

"Let's not scoff at the Carver of Ox-Hip Mountain," he said. "Think of the patience and skill it took to carve those faces. Don't you suppose he ever wanted to stop on the third face? But that would have made an imperfect bead on the string. If you and I are as painstaking and patient at our tasks as he was at his, we shall be worthy of the House of Liu."

"O Father, I never thought of that," said Elder. "We needn't carve fruit-stones or learn the classics by heart, but we must do something perfectly." They sat silent for a few minutes, inspecting the beads. Suddenly another idea came to Elder.

"Will the New Learning teach us to make anything as wonderful as these?" he asked.

"Yes," answered his father, "more wonderful, perhaps. But the New Learning works by machinery and not by handcraft. The airship, which is the Latest

Western Wonder, and all that goes with it, have called for the same careful workmanship as our ancestor on Ox-Hip Mountain used."

"Give me four things of the New Learning to name the faces," begged Elder. His father thought a while.

"Science," he said at last. "That's knowing the why of things, figuring things out. Your Arithmetic is a science. Then History; that's knowing what has gone before in our own country and in all the world. We don't know how to go on unless we know what has already happened." Elder was listening intently, trying to understand. "Art comes next, I guess, — whatever makes for beauty. We must understand the beautiful in the world to make it more beautiful. And most important of all is Religion, the part of us that is reverent. All the wonderful progress the world is making must recognize a Supreme Being who is back of everything."

"I don't understand it all," said Elder, "But I like it better than Grandfather's Ancient Books." His father left the room with Elder, saying over the carved faces, — "Science, History, Art, Religion." The little fellow could scarcely grasp their meaning, even as simply as his father had tried to explain them. To him the New Learning meant Arithmetic and a Picture Reader, but he liked to say his father's words.

It was Grandfather who found him asleep at his task, which even with the new interpretation, had grown monotonous. His father and great-grandfather came into the room from opposite directions, just as Grandfather was gently carrying the little boy to his bed.

"Honorable Ancient," said Father, bowing low to Great-Grandfather, "my son must belong to the world in which he lives. His education will be even as mine."

"I know it," agreed Great-Grandfather mildly. "I know not why I cling to a world that is gone. But Elder would have made such a Gentleman of the Old School. With Confucius and Mencius as guides, he might have been indeed a Princely Man."

"He shall be a Gentleman of the New School, Honorable Ancient," said his grandson gently. "The spirit of Confucius and Mencius we shall keep in so far as it does not conflict with progress. They were Princely Men. And we shall not forget our ancestor of Ox-Hip Mountain who would not make an imperfect thing. But every generation must find the four faces of its own peachstone."



April's disguises  
Are May's surprises,  
And there's many a treat on the way.  
Her frequent showers  
Bring forth gay flowers  
Then — all of a sudden — it's May!

MARLINE STETSON.

## A New and Delightful Memorial

By Leah Adkisson Kazmark

MEMORIALS both useful and beautiful are rare in any country but one that answers both purposes is to be erected in Central Park, New York City, as a tribute to the late famous writer for children, Frances Hodgson Burnett. As the author of that familiar story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and such well-liked tales as "A Little Princess," "The Secret Garden" and "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress," Mrs. Burnett was greatly admired by all ages of readers; children loved her wholesome stories and parents enjoyed reading them to young folks. Her death in 1924 was deeply regretted as a loss to American letters and the memorial to be erected is planned by her friends and associates who wish to honor her memory.

The memorial will take the form of a children's garden. An oval plat of ground in the city park has been given by the Park Board for the purpose and nearby is a miniature lake where a few wise ducks swim leisurely about and hosts of children come daily to float their boats. In this place, nearby, a garden will be made to bloom in the heart of a crowded metropolis. Flowers and shrubs will be set out, centering about a fountain of bronze which depicts two children at play, the work of the noted sculptor, Bessie Potter Von-nah.

But this plot of green will bear no signs "Keep off the Grass," for it is to belong to the children themselves. At one end is a story teller's bench around which children will gather on afternoons to listen to tales that they will enjoy. A bird bath is included in the fountain and in this lovely garden the feathered folks are to be made as happy as the children.

No better memorial could have been planned for Mrs. Burnett. She was always a lover of gardens and wherever she lived, spent part of her time in working in her yard. Born in England, long famed for its flowers and hedges, the author came to America in 1865, at the age of sixteen, with her widowed mother. In 1873 she married a physician, Doctor S. M. Burnett, and for many years they resided in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Burnett was a lover and student of nature. At her home she was usually found dividing her time between writing her stories and working in her garden. No form of memorial would have so delighted her as the pleasing place to be perfected in New York City where flowers will blossom, birds will be made welcome, and children may learn to love the wonderful out-of-doors. Nature study at close range and with real birds, trees and flowers as examples, are rare



to the young people of a crowded city. The Garden for Children is a beautiful plan by which this may be made possible and as a memorial it serves a purpose

unique but ideal. One knows that nothing would have so pleased a woman who loved children and had their interests close to her heart.

## The Friendly Chipping Sparrow

By Alvin M. Peterson

THE chipping sparrow is not to be seen in the spring until the weather is warm and settled. Look for this friendly and confiding bird in April. If you have keen ears the chances are you will hear the "chippy" before you see it, for it has a way of perching near the tops of small trees, the ends of the branches of large trees and in bushes where it is safely hidden by the leaves.

But though the "chippy" is hard to see, it may easily be recognized by its song. Its call note is a sharp, clear chip. Its song, too, is but the word or syllable "chip" repeated over and over in a long low series. "Chip-chip-chip-chip" sings this bird in low drowsy notes, on warm drowsy days. If you are in a hurry and paying but little attention to the songs of birds, you are not likely to hear the modest, almost insect-like song of the chipping sparrow.

But though the song of the chipping sparrow is low and rather unmusical, the bird itself is well worth knowing. It is a tiny bird a little over five inches in length. It has a plain breast, a long tail, light wing bars and a chestnut crown. Its reddish crown, plain breast and modest song are the best clues to its identity.

The nest of the chipping sparrow is small and cup-like and usually is built in small trees, bushes and vines. It often nests in vines and bushes about our homes, for this bird is not afraid of human beings. The nest is made of grass, rootlets, small weeds and hair. Hair is to be found throughout the nest and usually is used entirely for the lining. Our little friend, the chipping sparrow, must have very sharp eyes, for it finds hundreds of hairs for its nest. Some of the hairs are coarse and long, but many of them are fine and small. It is no uncommon thing to find a chipping sparrow's nest with five or even six hundred hairs in it. The nest when completed is about two inches in diameter and two inches deep. Naturally, it is very neat and attractive, a little bird palace, if you please. But even more attractive than the nest are the pretty eggs which it holds. They are jewels if any birds' eggs may be so considered. They are very small, light-blue in color, and are spotted chiefly about the larger or



rounded end with dark-brown. From three to five of these pretty eggs are laid in each nest.

Chipping sparrows are very useful birds, since they eat and thus destroy many insects and weed seeds. They are frequently to be seen on the ground, where they no doubt find and eat many tiny weed seeds. But you may be sure that they also find many insects. The young birds, though small, have healthy appetites and the parents are obliged to catch large numbers of insects for them each day to keep them satisfied. The young birds are fed wholly on insects, and many hundreds of insects are eaten by a brood of young chippies before they are old enough to eat weed seeds.

## Jeremiah Jones

By CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

THERE was once a big black cat, named Jeremiah. He was the largest, handsomest cat in his neighborhood, and his mistress, Miss Jones, made a great pet of him. Some of her neighbors had told Miss Jones that Jeremiah was not such a good cat as she believed him to be. And her nearest neighbor, Miss Smith, informed Miss Jones that she had seen Jeremiah trying to catch birds.

But Miss Jones would not listen to anything that Miss Smith and the other neighbors said about Jeremiah. "He is the only perfect cat I ever saw," declared she, "and I am sure he never tries to catch birds. It must have been some other cat, and not Jeremiah."

Yet it was true that Jeremiah had the terrible habit of trying to catch birds. It was also true that he had never caught a bird, although he had tried many times. Some animals might have given up such

a wicked habit, but not Jeremiah. Each failure made him still more eager to succeed, especially when he saw another cat catch a bird.

One morning Jeremiah was sunning himself upon the front veranda of his home. Then he saw something he had never seen. It was a large white object, which had just been placed upon Miss Smith's lawn. Like most cats, Jeremiah was very curious about objects which he had never seen. He slowly left the veranda and went cautiously towards Miss Smith's lawn.

Miss Smith's lawn was separated from that of Miss Jones by a thick hedge, and Jeremiah paused, hidden by this hedge. The large white object was round and wide at its top, and this top was only a short distance above the lawn. Jeremiah was about to go nearer to the white object, when, suddenly, one of the most beautiful robins he had ever seen, flew from a branch of a maple tree and settled upon the edge of the white object's wide top.

Jeremiah forgot all about the mysterious object. "Ah," said he to himself, "here is my chance to catch a bird!" He crept through the hedge and stole up, unobserved by the robin, close to the large white object. Jeremiah's tail moved slowly to and fro; he studied carefully the distance from the lawn to the robin, and then he sprang savagely at the bird.

But Jeremiah misjudged the distance. He overleaped the robin, which flew in terror back to the maple tree. He landed heavily in the very center of the white object's wide top. There was a loud splash, and Jeremiah took a bath in a small pool of water. Now Jeremiah disliked all kinds of baths exceedingly.

Jeremiah had jumped into a bird-bath; but he jumped out of it even more quickly than he had leaped into it. However, his adventure was not yet over. Don, a big, cross dog belonging to Miss Smith, saw him, and Jeremiah had a narrow escape from being caught by Don.

Miss Jones, Jeremiah's mistress, had watched him try to catch the robin, and because Miss Jones was a great lover of birds, she became very angry. She scolded Jeremiah severely. Indeed, Miss Smith spoke more kindly about Jeremiah than did Miss Jones. She said to Jeremiah's mistress, "Mary, cats will be cats. I never saw a perfect cat. It seems to me that Jeremiah is nearer perfect than are most cats."



In the heat  
Of the sun  
Insects work, insects hum,—  
For their life  
Is a strife,  
And the goal must be won!  
M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS.



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

2619 ETNA ST.,  
BERKELEY, CALIF.

Dear Editor: I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Wade and our superintendent's name is Miss Chamberlain; I like them both very much. I would like another little girl to correspond with me. I am nine years old.

Your friend,  
ELIZABETH HAND.

238 MAIN ST.,  
KINGSTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have always enjoyed *The Beacon* very much. I have belonged to the Beacon Club two years. I like to read the letters very much. I am nine years old and my Sunday-school teacher is Louis Randle and my minister's name is Mr. Adamson. I have lost my pin and if you would send me another I would be very much pleased. I would like to have some girl my age correspond with me.

Yours truly,  
RUTH HOLMES.

85 ANDOVER ST.,  
NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have always enjoyed *The Beacon* very much. I live in North Andover and go to the North Parish Unitarian Church. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. My minister's name is Rev. Samuel Beane. My teacher's name is Helen Berry. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin.

Yours truly,  
RACHEL DUFTON.

2513 LELAND AVE.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Editor: I wish you would send me your club pin. I want to become a member. I was ten years old January 30th. I am in the fifth grade. I belong to the People's Church Sunday school. My minister's name is Dr. Bradley. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Gustopan. I like the puzzles in the magazine. I would like some member to write to me.

Yours truly,  
DOROTHY JEAN SHAW.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## Book Notes

By ELSIE LUSTIG

SECRETS INSIDE, by M. M. Dancy McClendon, is an exciting and interesting story for older girls. Esselly Moss and her dog Wiggles travel all the way from Rollington, North Carolina, to Houston, Texas. On the train Esselly meets an older girl, Vivianna, who is going to the same place, so they have a pleasant time sharing the same section in the train. Esselly wears a locket which has never been opened and to which the key has been lost. This book tells how the girls get to Houston, how Esselly is met by her uncle's chauffeur, and gets lost when Wiggles chases a cat and disappears. How Esselly gets the dog and goes to sleep in another car, and wakes up to find herself locked in a strange garage. How she and Wiggles explore a tunnel leading from the garage and how she cannot find her uncle, but is taken to stay with some delightful people. Finally she and Vivianna meet again and Esselly gets back her locket which Vivianna took from her by mistake. In the meantime Esselly has found another locket just like it. I won't tell you what is discovered when the two lockets are finally opened. But everything turns out wonderfully for Esselly and Vivianna and Wiggles. I know you will enjoy this book.

Older boys and girls will like a book called PAT AND PAL, by Harriet Lummis Smith. Pat and Pal are two dogs, a collie and a bull; each writes a chapter in the book, and the point of view of these dogs is decidedly entertaining. There is a love story which runs through the book — Miss Priscilla and Mr. Hollister meet, through the two animals, and at the end of the book when everything has turned out well, and there has been a happy wedding, Pat and Pal congratulate themselves on having brought things to such a pleasant pass. This book is illustrated by Griswold Tyng.

SECRETS INSIDE. By M. M. Dancy McClendon. L. C. Page Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.75.

PAT AND PAL. By Harriet Lummis Smith. L. C. Page Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.

## Puzzlers

### Enigma

I am composed of 27 letters and am a maxim.

My 21, 4, 26, 10 burns.

My 20, 25, 22, 5, 8, 24 is a color.

My 2, 25, 14, 12, 23, 16 is an individual.

My 18, 1, 20 is a month.

My 13, 10, 3, 22, 15, 16 is a town in New Hampshire.

My 11, 19, 17, 27, are old cloths.

My 6, 7, 23, 9 is a play.

C. G. (Age 11)  
Concord, N. H.

### Double Acrostic

When these five-letter words are correctly guessed and placed one below another, the initials spell the name of spring birds. The fourth letters, read downward, spell the name of a bird which sings upon arrival.

1. A swamp.
2. A mistake.
3. To expiate.
4. To avoid.
5. Corpulent.
6. Twists out of shape.
7. A flowering bush.
8. To admire greatly.
9. Sounds made by lions.
10. Japanese palanquins.
11. What winter brings.

M. L. C. H.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 28

Double Acrostic. — Alas

Plot  
Reap  
Iota  
Lent  
Fair  
Omni  
Odie  
Lack

April Fool. St. Patrick.

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